

I, Eunice Morris, bequeath to any student, the chemistry equipment left in drawer four when I have deserted it and to Mildred Aslin, my conduct in glee club, hoping she will use it to good advantage in the future.

I, Jewell Neel, bequeath my red hair (at her request) to Rena Wardlow; my musical talent and touch on the piano to Grace Baldwin and my extra pounds to Barbara E. Lash.

I, Harlod Roffler, bequeath to one W. Harmon Colby, my interest in one certain Ford hoping that it will save him from the possible exertion of moving his feet to and from school; to Dot Burns my treasured curls, hoping she will make it a "permanent"; to "Snix" Mansfield my ability to refrain from eating more than my share at Hi-Y meetings; and to "Teeny Wenny" Herskorn, the position which I have held for the past four years on the Donut League team, so that he may use it in his declining days.

I, Genevieve Strain, bequeath to Marge Martino, my long hair, hoping that she won't be tempted to cut it just because it comes down during the third period; all my ability to be silly to a most appropriate friend, Louise Belser; my ability to referee basketball games to Miss Peterson; my place as nominee for "Basketball Queen" to my very close competitor, Roberta Bills and all my dates with lower-classmen to Virginia Gault.

I, Lily Schimel, bequeath to my sister Viola, the remainder of my chemistry equipment, hoping that she keeps it out of the bone pile; to Grace Daly, my United States history notebook for her future use and my naturally curly hair (?) to Katherine Strunk.

I, Howard Scott, bequeath my ability to play football to "Killer" Roberts; my curly hair to Jack Ziegler and my eligibility for football, next year, to Elmer Rady.

I, Marjorie Tidland, leave to Bessie Kennedy my wavy hair which she somewhat admires; also the art of ukelele strumming to Marge Martino. To my old pal "Rhine" Hersekorn, I leave all my good wishes for his future happiness with Annabelle Roome, believing that he will need them.

I, Harlyn Belford Scobba, bequeath to Jack Ziegler my speed; to Justin Weakly, my voice, and may he find it before he is a senior; to all underclassmen and maidens, my secrets on how to keep your hair well groomed, given in three lessons.

I, Don Sidney, bequeath to Beryl McBroom, the "gouper" feather on my upper lip and to John Brown, my ability in English Four to get A grades. To Charles Cunningham goes my ability to skip school and for the next week make up time for getting caught at it.

I, Bill Huckins, bequeath my ability to eat my share of the food and half of someone else's at Hi-Y banquets, to "Little" Leighton Blake and to Herb Strain, my he-man way with the ladies, hoping that he will get results—I didn't.

I, Fred H. Weakly, bequeath to Jane Shafer, my life long desire to own a green Ford roadster, model T and to Barbara Lash, my all summer hair cut, more next year, maybe.

I, Etta Williams, bequeath my superfluous pounds to Frances Millard, my ability to skip school without getting caught, to my freshe brother, Elmer; my chemistry equipment to any Junior, who thinks he can keep it out of the bone pile and my ability to write poetry for Miss Harding, to anyone who needs it.

## SENIOR PROPHECY

By VERA HEDRICK

It was my first trip to New York and I was thrilled beyond description. After twenty years of toil following my graduation from Camas high school, my dream had finally come true and here I was dazzled by the bright lights of Broadway. Eagerly I read the many novel neon displays as they were pointed out to me by my friend, Marian Ackerman, the renowned artist of the Northwest, who had brought me down into greater New York. She told me that I should not be surprised to see what a group of celebrities the "grads" of '32 of Camas high school had turned out to be and that many of them were represented in New York now.

Using the speaking tube she requested the chauffeur to drive slowly. Then pointing to a massive sign on a large theatre she asked me to read. Amazed, I did. "The Williams Sister Team," it shouted.

She explained that they were Etta and Evelyn who, although they were not really sisters, had one of the biggest hit acts in New York.

Just then a large foreign limousine dashed around us. In the back seat, leaning gracefully on a stick and dressed in perfect dinner attire and a silk hat, sat the suave, polished man about town, Ronny Craig. Looking closely at his companion as the car quickly disappeared in the traffic, I saw a highly groomed and jeweled lady who was Genevieve Strain.

Then we were in front of another big theatre. Its sign revealed that the "Four Windbags" were there. Curious, I asked Marian who they were. She replied that the four famous comedians were none other than our old friends Hubert Bolger, James Carmack, Bill Huckins and Harold Roffler.

As we traveled on down the great white way, Marian explained why there were so many of the Camasonians here. She said it was "Northwest Week" in New York and most of these people had come to make it go over in a big way. The car drew up to the curb.

Mystified, I gathered that the building in front of us was also a theater. Great posters screamed the fact that the movie queen, Lily Schimel, was appearing there. We went inside the dimly lighted building and groped our way down the aisle and dropped into seats.

The "News of the Day" was being run. A group of girls were shown. It was the great "Girls All American Football Team." I recognized the beaming faces of Helen Frye and Novella Teal in the group.

The scenes changed to Washington, D. C. The Secretary of State and her famous colleague, the congresswoman from Washington were discussing world affairs. With a gasp, I saw that they were Pauline Ferenz and Mildred Krause.

Next, we saw a portion of the "World's Champion Women's Tennis Match" with Nona Kolberg competing. The predecessor of Floyd Gibbons, who could cram almost fifty more words into a minute, was describing the event, play for play. It was the voice of Ray Pierce.

Then we were whisked aboard an ocean liner, going through Panama Canal, en route to Seattle. Two beautifully dressed ladies were standing at the rail, returning from a brief trip to the East. They were the two who had jointly written the most clever and amazing book of the decade. Of course, they were Louise McCurley and Esther Hoffman.

Then we left the theatre and hurried out to the car, which whirled